

The Porcupine

'08

MONTH OF JANUARY, 1908

THE SANTA ROSA NATIONAL BANK

United States Depository

CAPITAL \$800,000. SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$50,000

OFFICERS

J. H. Brush, President
R. F. Crawford, Vice-President
F. A. Brush, Cashier
C. B. Wingate, Assistant Cashier
W. C. Grant, Assistant Cashier
Thos. F. McMullin

DIRECTORS

J. H. Brush E. F. Woodward
R. F. Crawford J. H. Thompson
F. A. Brush D. P. Anderson
John Strong

We Solicit Your Patronage

"HELLO!"

"Yes, we're here yet."

"No, we never left with the old year."

"Yes, doing better work this year."

EASTERN STUDIO

521 1-2 Fourth St., Santa Rosa

824a Main St., Petaluma

Phone Main 85

Lafferty & Smith

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Fifth and A Streets

Santa Rosa, Cal.

E. F. WOODWARD
President
E. C. MERRITT
Cashier

Open Saturday Evening
for Deposits Only

UNION TRUST-SAVINGS BANK

Capital \$100,000

Dividends paid on all
Deposits. Compounded
Semi-Annually

FOURTH STREET AND HINTON AVENUE

Telephone Red 1692

Harry K. Kagee

THE TAILOR

436 SECOND STREET

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

BELDEN & HEHIR

**Harness. Saddles, Robes, Whips, Horse
Blankets etc.**

430 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa, Cal.

Residence Phone Black 4481

Office Phone Main 29

DR. J. W. CLINE

Office, Carithers Building

Residence 447 B Street

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Johnny had been caught eating cake. "Why, Johnny,"
said his mother, "I didn't think it was in you."

"It ain't all. Part of it's in Dorothy."

IDEAS IN GLASSES

Find their highest expression in point of style, becoming adjustment, and
quality, as well as in correct fitting when obtained from the

Lawson-Rinner Optical Co.

534 FOURTH ST.

SANTA ROSA

DR. J. W. JESSE

OPP. CITY HALL

Office Phone Red 2481

Residence Phone Red 2482

Modern Cold Storage Plant

Noonan Meat Co.

Wholesale Butchers

Santa Rosa, Cal.

Did You Read

our ad in last month's Porcupine?

If you did, I'm willing to repay you for your time. Come in—tell me what you thought of it. And—well, I have something to repay you with.

CLARY'S

Contents

The Exploits of Henri Renard	-	-	Page	5
The Barricaders	-	-	"	10
The Winner	-	-	"	13
His Reception	-	-	"	15
Editorial	-	-	"	19
Athletics	-	-	"	21
Joshes	-	-	"	24
Children's Page	-	-	"	28
Ads.—Read Them				

To The Freshmen

This issue of The Porcupine
is cheerfully dedicated by
those who think they have
passed the green stage.

The Porcupine

VOL. XIV. SANTA ROSA, CAL., JANUARY, 1908

NO. 5

Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

The Exploits of Henri Renard

(By His Secretary)

The Dexfen Case

Six months ago, when I finished my course in Stanford University, I was rather successful in obtaining a position as secretary to Mr. or, better, Monsieur Henri Renard, who had lately established himself in San Francisco from Paris, where he had been connected with the secret service, but left on account of political troubles.

M. Renard has an elegantly furnished apartment of four rooms—two for his office and two for his private use. On his office door, in neat black and gold lettering, reads:

HENRI RENARD,
Counselor and Attorney
At Uncommon Law
Tracer of Evidence

Like most of his nationality, M. Renard is somewhat of an epicure, and often, when I have been working late, I have accompanied him to dinner at "The Poodle Dog," or some other of the famous old French restaurants. Here he is always in his most entertaining mood—interesting and full of reminiscences. When it comes time for the claret, he is usually in the midst of some stirring adventure of his French police days. It was at one of these times that he related to me, but with less mention of his own part, the case that I will repeat. It is an admirable example of upon how trivial a thing a man's life may sometimes hang.

* * * * *

In the fall of 1897 the police department of Paris was startled by the murder of Jacob Dexfen, an old and prominent English resident of Paris. It was clearly a case of murder, but no motive could be found for the crime, as the house had not been robbed, nor was there knowledge of an enemy who sought the old man's life. Consequently the guilt fell upon either John Dexfen, who also resided in Paris, a nephew and heir of the murdered man; or upon Jacob Barret, another nephew and second heir, who had come to Paris two weeks previously. The latter proved an alibi.

John Dexfen was a middle-aged man of eccentric habits, as he admitted himself. He lived with only two servants, in a rather large house surrounded by spacious grounds.

Recently these servants had left him, and he had gotten no others to fill their places, so that now he lived alone in the house. A charwoman came once a week to do the cleaning for him.

On account of this fact John Dexfen was unable to prove an alibi, but testified at the inquest that he was at his home at the time of the murder.

The next two witnesses gave startling testimony against Dexfen. The first declared that he had passed the house of the murdered man at about the hour of the crime, and had seen a coach dog, with two large black spots upon the back of his neck, standing before the house. The summary of the testimony was that the murderer was accompanied by a coach dog. The next, a police officer, testified to the fact that such a dog as the one described, had been found in the stable at John Dexfen's place.

Then one of Dexfen's former servants took the stand.

"Did Mr. Dexfen have such a dog as has been spoken of, while you were at his house?" the coroner asked the witness.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Describe the dog that Mr. Dexfen had."

"It was a coach dog," said the witness, "that in addition to its numerous spots, had two larger ones, one directly behind the other, on the back of his neck."

"Was the dog there when you left Mr. Dexfen's service?"

"I did not see the dog for three weeks before I left. He was kept in the coach house and Mr. Dexfen himself cared for him."

"Could you recognize the dog?"

"Yes."

"That is all," said the coroner.

The case was given over to the jury, who rendered the verdict of murder, so John Dexfen was held for further investigation. Dexfen gave bail and the case was set for trial a week later.

Meanwhile Renard was put on the case by the central office, and together with a man from the coroner's office, he made a thorough investigation of the Jacob Dexfen house and grounds. An officer had been constantly on guard, so that everything was in the exact condition as it was on the night of the crime. They began with the room in which the old man had died, but it was soon evident that all traces had been covered by the doer of the crime. The whole afternoon was spent in going over the first floor of the house. Two things worthy of note were discovered: The first was a small bottle, without label, partly filled with a colorless and odorless liquid, and which was found lying on the floor of the old man's bedroom; the other was a book found on the library shelves. The library itself was a small room with book shelves running up to the ceiling on two of the four walls, and containing several hundred volumes of old books, covered with dust and smelling strongly of that odor peculiar to old and musty volumes. Evidently neither the room nor the books had been in use for several months or, perhaps, years. What attracted the attention of Henri Renard on these shelves, was a book with rather fresh finger marks in the dust, and which projected a few inches beyond the others. It was a volume of Longfellow's poems. Noth-

ing was between the leaves or written on the margins. What connection did this have with their investigations?

Renard answered this question, after pondering a few seconds, by reaching up in the space behind where the book had been. Nothing was there except a piece of string. He picked it up, but the end appeared to reach somewhere else. He traced it for a few feet, and found that it led to a volume on industrial arts, stuck in behind the other books. Still the question was "What did this have to do with their investigations?" Probably some freakish notion of the old man. The bottle they took to a chemist to have its contents analyzed; the book Renard took home.

The investigations were continued a day or two longer by Renard and his associate, and concluded by interviewing the talkative servants.

By the day set for the trial, Renard had his theory worked out and backed by proof based on his investigations. One more link was necessary, and to obtain this he visited Dexfen. The answer he received to his query made his chain of evidence complete, i. e., that Jacob Barrett had seen the dog belonging to Dexfen when he was in Paris several months previously. This statement, Dexfen said, could be proven by the butler he had at the time.

The following is a summary of the evidence gathered by M. Renard, and produced before the court:

1. Barrett was the only occupant of the house at the time, in addition to the old man and two old servants.
2. Both servants claimed that nothing out of the ordinary had taken place in the house on the night of the crime.
3. There was not to be found the least sign of an intruder having effected an entrance to the house.
4. A book upon industrial arts was found hidden in the library. This book was made up of uncut pages, and only those of the chapter on the use of aniline dyes were cut.
5. This book had arrived by mail addressed to Jacob Barrett, and after his arrival.

6. Barrett knew of the possession of a dog of the aforesaid description at the time of his former visit in Paris, several months previously.

7. Barrett was the second heir to Jacob Dexfen's fortune.

Then the witnesses at the inquest repeated their testimony, and following came witnesses proving Renard's investigations. The last witness called was the city chemist, whose testimony was in the form of an affidavit reading:

"I, Louis Marignan, having duly examined the dog said to have accompanied the murderer of Jacob Dexfen on the night of the crime, and found on the premises of M. John Dexfen find"—Here everyone in the crowded court room held his breath in expectation, and anyone that noticed Barrett, would have seen him turn a shade paler. The reading continued: "That two spots upon said dog's neck were applied with aniline dyes upon a coal tar base; and furthermore, that said spots were made within the last two weeks."

Immediately the lawyer for the defendant arose:

"Would Monsieur Barrett please inform the court upon the connection between the book upon aniline dying and the dyed spots upon the dog's neck?" he said.

Anyone by piecing together this last testimony and that of Renard, would obtain an outline something of this nature, i. e., That Jacob Barrett had murdered Dexfen, and knowing of the peculiar dog of his cousin, contrived to place the blame on him by having a man testify that the murderer was accompanied by a dog of that description, thus getting him also out of the way, so that he would obtain the property of his uncle. But he found that the dog was dead, so procuring another of similar size and color, he placed the spots on the neck with dyes.

Barrett arose from his seat to answer the question, and steadying himself, opened his lips to speak, but sank back muttering:

"Oh, it's no use; the game's up."

On promise of leniency he confessed his guilt.

* * * * *

"But how about the bottle?" I asked my companion.
"What was in it?"

"Oh," he replied with a broad smile, "Water, pure water."

The Barricaders

St. Johns, a rather 'exclusive boys' school, was situated just outside the thriving New England town of L——. It was built in the fashion of an old English place, with ivy-mantled towers, set in the midst of smooth, green lawns, dotted with huge and gnarled old oak trees. The tennis court was inclosed by a high stone wall, the face of which was in full view of the main dormitories.

A near neighbor was Westfield Academy, a comparatively new, but flourishing institution. The building stood facing a wide driveway. It was built around three sides of a court, and on the fourth side the court opened into the driveway by two heavy iron doors.

Westfield was composed chiefly of town boys, and boys from the neighboring counties. "Country Jakes" they were styled by the aristocratic St. Johns. Each school had its own uniform and military drill, and a strong rivalry existed between them, especially in athletics, where Westfield was usually victorious. It went against the **St. Johns boys** to be defeated in anything, and when their enemy carried away the cup of the semi-annual field day, the St. Johns boys soothed their wounded pride by proclaiming that the Westfield boys didn't understand tactics, they played with brute force, and the only thing they knew how to handle was a pitchfork. They further consoled themselves by the refusal of their team to meet Westfield in a game of football.

"Well, they're the limit. The dear little milksops. I wonder if they expect us to wrap a blanket around the ball

before we kick it," was the comment of the captain of the Westfield track team.

"Well, gee whizz! If I had to be a little dude like that—"

This remark was interrupted by a soft chuckle from Max Carlson, who was held responsible for most of the practical jokes played in the academy.

"You fellows come up to my room to-night and we'll plan a little harmless revenge," he said, laughing.

The next morning St. Johns woke to find the following legend painted upon the wall of the tennis court:

" St. Johns' won't play
Because they say
The Westfield brutes
Will win the day.

But they won't play with country Jakes,
Whose hands are used to grasping rankes..
Well, sissy boys, just take your knittin',
Or set and tat, for that is fittin.
But fellers who have got some sense
Don't care to stay inside a fence.
Your legs would make good shinny sticks,
Your heads are balls of gas.
But we can give you extry licks,
Altho' we get no chance, alas!"

That afternoon cards appeared all over the Westfield premises bearing caricatures of members of the Westfield track team, each boy carrying a rake, hoe or pitchfork, while underneath was a mock advertisement, such as "Any one in search of an experienced farm hand, apply at Westfield Academy." "Expert broncho busters at Westfield," etc.

On that evening a messenger came from the dean of St. Johns to the head master at Westfield, saying that he feared mischief was afoot. He hoped there would be no unpleasantness between the schools, and so he would suggest that the master keep a rather close watch upon the boys, as he was doing at St. Johns.

The boys were duly watched, and one evening they were sure, from certain signs, that something was about to happen. The headmaster called a meeting and it was decided that they should all go to their rooms, put out the lights and keep watch. If any of the boys went out they would follow them and prevent any mischief.

At about ten o'clock their patience was rewarded by seeing a solitary figure leave the building and walk quietly down the driveway, dodging into the shadows at every chance. They as quietly followed, and after a long and chilly walk arrived by a devious route at St. Johns.

It was too late. The boys had been there before them, and the one they had followed was merely a decoy, who now mysteriously disappeared. Above the imposing entrance to the main building, above the chiseled "St. Johns," was a gaudy red "W."

It was useless to do anything then, so the masters returned cold and sold. But the worst was to come. The iron gates into the court were closed fast. One after another the masters tried to force them open, but to no avail.

Suddenly it dawned upon them. They had been barricaded. This was the revenge of the boys for the close watch that had been kept upon them.

After breaking into the work room they managed to get a long ladder, and placed it against the gate. Then one of them climbed down inside, and after a long interval, succeeded in pulling away the chairs, benches and other furniture placed against the door.

At about twelve, a group of weary, nearly frozen masters sought their rooms, while their wicked wards dreamed peacefully of the pleasant surprise awaiting St. Johns in the morning.

Strange to say there was never any attempt made to catch and punish the barricaders, and to this day the masters are wondering how the boys discovered their plans.

The Winner

"Hey, wait a minute!"

Bob stopped in answer to the summons, and waited for the manager of the boys' basketball team. Lawrence White gave him a letter which read:

"Piermont High School has received your letter of the 17th, and will play your team of Cleveland High School in a basketball game on November 1st.

"Sincerely,

"Walter Overton."

"Good! When did you get it?" asked Bob Sanborn, the captain.

"This morning. I've been searching the earth for you," was the answer. "Come on, let's tell the rest of the fellows. They'll yell for joy when they learn that we're going to lick our old enemy on the first of November."

"Yes, if we can lick 'em," returned the practical Lawrence.

"White, you make me tired. Of course we can beat 'em with Knight as goaler. There's nothing the matter with him, let me tell you. What do you think of him?"

"He's all right," and when Lawrence White said that in that way, he meant it.

The evening of the first of November finally came. It was half after seven, with the game scheduled to start at eight o'clock. Confusion reigned supremely in the dressing room. A glance into the hall showed the immense assembly awaiting impatiently for this, the most important game of the season. The Cleveland boys were gathered around their captain, listening intently while he encouraged them. They were going in to win squarely and fairly, intending to come out at least a few points ahead of "those old scrubs." But "those old scrubs" were not so scrubby as their opponents thought them to be. In fact at the end of

the first half they stood one point ahead of Cleveland. The scoreboard read "6-5."

Five minutes more in which to win the game, with the score just the same as at the end of the first half. Suddenly a shout burst from the excited audience—but it was just as the referee's whistle blew. Bob had made a splendid field throw, but had Karl Knight, the idol of the school, fouled just before? One referee thought that he had caught the ball and thrown it while he was outside the field. The other thought he was inside, but neither were positive. If the referee who called the foul was correct then, of course, the goal would not count, and Piermont would win, for only two minutes were left, and what could be done in that time?

The referees could not come to a decision, so they asked Karl if he were conscious of fouling. Here was a chance to win the game! But he remembered the captain's words, "If we win, it must be squarely," so with only a moment's hesitation he answered with a simple "Yes, I fouled."

No more was said. The game was resumed, but Karl was determined to do something. He must make a field throw in those two minutes.

Before the Piermont boys had fully recovered themselves from joy over the decision, the ball was in Karl's hands; in the next second it was on the edge of the basket. Undecided whether it would win the game for Cleveland or Piermont, it rolled around the rim, then stopped, wavered for a moment before it rolled, not into the basket, but onto the floor.

The whistle blew; time was up, so the boys trooped off to the dressing room; that is, the Cleveland boys did. The Piermont boys remained for fully ten minutes, tearing off their high school yells as if they were mad.

All Cleveland High School was disappointed in the result of the game, but not in Karl. Honesty is always admired. He was disappointed himself, yet he felt the joy of victory. He had conquered a dishonest impulse.

His Reception

It was a cosmopolitan audience.. Almost every civilized nation was represented. The majority of those present were Russian Jews and Poles, who had come out of admiration for their fellow-countryman. Here and there were a few Americans, whose curiosity had led them to the concert hall. A few Germans and Frenchmen—seekers of the best in music—could be seen. One or two newspaper reporters sat with pencil ready to criticize the recital, but the audience was small. New Yorkers are not given to patronizing unknown pianists, especially when not under the direction of one of their famous managers. For an artist without a name to give a concert solely by himself was almost unheard of.

Jan Marval paced nervously up and down the little room just off the stage. He was buried deep in thought. To-night was his night of all nights. He was about to realize his fondest ambitions. His dreams were about to become realities. For years he had thought of nothing else but to play before an American audience; and now, to-night, just a few feet distant, was that very audience waiting to hear him. He hoped it was large, and that his first appearance in America would be successful.

At an early age Jan had shown a remarkable talent for music. His father, being very poor, thought he saw the hope of future wealth in his son, so he kept him practising unceasingly at the piano. The result was natural. At fifteen Jan was a wonder, and at seventeen he made his first tour of Poland.

This tour had brought Jan's father some pecuniary relief, so he now felt that a tour of America would be well. Exaggerated reports had reached distant Poland of the great appreciation shown by the American audiences; of the wild applause and the mad worshipping of pianists by

the women; and of the great fortunes that were made each year by foreign artists. For these reasons Jan's father thought his son would have no trouble in bringing home rich rewards.

The big boat was about to leave for America, and Jan had engaged passage. His father, mother, and Nina, his little sister, were at the pier to see him off. It was a sad parting. With tears in their eyes goodbyes were said. Jan's mother warned him to be careful, "for America is a dangerous place," and his father said: "My son, you must play as never before, and bring home much money, and we will buy much land and houses, and be no longer poor." Jan answered his parents as best he could. He asked little Nina what she wanted from America, and she replied: "Bring me ze doll—vot you call her? Ze Teddy bear?" After a last goodbye he had just time to make the boat, and was soon on his way across the waters.

He had difficulty in engaging a manager. In fact, he found it impossible to hire one. Their reasons were many: He was unknown. He would not agree to let his hair grow six months without cutting. He would not agree to act queerly, and to adopt foolish mannerisms. His name did not contain all the consonants in the alphabet, and consist of seventeen or eighteen letters, and it could be easily pronounced by everyone. So he was forced to hire a hall, do his own advertising and manage for himself. The result was as I said before—a small audience.

Jan had not yet had a glimpse of the little crowd, so he did not know whether failure or success was in store for him. But it was time to begin. As the stage door opened, Jan Marval entered, and advanced to the piano. A stillness on the part of the audience took the place of the noise of a few moments before. Seating himself before the instrument he struck a few preliminary chords, and was soon deep into the first number, a Beethoven sonata.

The first sight of the audience was a surprise to Jan. He was shocked at the smallness of it, and knew the recital

would be a financial failure. He then resolved to make it a musical success. Jan did not play the first movement so well as he might, for he had not fully recovered himself, but in the second he played as he had seldom played before. He did not care about the financial side, but was thinking all the while that if he could make his recital a success from a musical view-point he would then make a name for himself, and that would help in his future concerts.

The Sonata was ended, and Jan was making his way to the stage room. He was listening eagerly for the expected applause, which he knew he deserved, but it was very feeble applause that he heard. There is inspiration in numbers and in a small crowd there is a total lack of it. So it was here. Each person was afraid to start the applause himself, whereas if it had been a large audience they would have risen as one person and have gone wild with approval and appreciation. Almost all of those present realized that Jan was a genius, but their hesitating applause was a puzzle to his ears.

It was the same way with the other numbers—a Hungarian dance by Liszt, and a set of waltzes by Chopin. Each selection was played perfectly, but received little applause.

The last number was Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony—better known as the "Suicide Symphony." The composer took his own life immediately after writing down the score, and a few modern musicians have committed suicide just after playing it. It is a wild, weird, morbid selection, filled with tragedy, pathos and melancholy. Jan was just in the right mood to interpret this number perfectly. It is safe to say that never before had it been played so well as now. It seemed to voice his feelings better than words could do.

With the usual amount of clapping, the audience quietly filed out and hurried home. Jan went back into the stage room and, seizing his hat and coat, walked out into the night. He did not know in which direction he was going, or where he intended to go, but walked blindly on. His first concert was over and he had much to think about. He

came to himself at last to find he was on a bridge, one of the many large ones that span the Hudson.

He stopped walking, and leaned against the railing to review his thoughts. Was this success? If so, he wanted none of it. Where was the mad worshipping he had heard of; the wild applause and crowded houses? Could he try another concert? No, he had failed at one and could not try another. His funds were exhausted, and he was unknown. He tried in vain to place the blame rightly, for he knew that he, himself, was not responsible. Could he go back home penniless, and face his old mother and father? Could he return to his sister without her doll and with a story of failure? What would his boy friends say? Oh, the irony of Fate! The cruelty of circumstance!

He looked down at the water below him. How inviting, how cool it looked. Suddenly and almost involuntarily he was over the railing head first. It is a question what his last thoughts were. Were they the work of the "Suicide Symphony" or just an impulse, a sudden desire which he unthinkingly acted upon?

His body met the river with a splash and the water quickly closed over him. The ever-widening circle of ripples was soon lost in the current of the river. A gull soared slowly over the waters and on to the sea. Again all was still.




“The Porcupine”

Issued every school month in the interest of the Santa Rosa High School

SUBSCRIPTION

One Year.....	75 Cents
Half Year.....	50 Cents
Single Copies.....	10 Cents

 Subscription must be paid in ADVANCE

EDITORIAL STAFF

Literary Editor.....	RAYMOND JEANS
Managing Editor.....	LEWIS LAMBERT
Ass't Manager Editor.....	EDWIN BENT
Associates.....	(COMFORT HAVEN LOYD BROWN ALICE LETOLD HELEN JOHNSON)
Exchanges.....	MAY AYER
Athletics, Boy's.....	CLARENCE WHITNEY
Athletics, Girl's.....	NELLIE GRIFFITH
Staff Artist.....	GEORGIA PURSELL
Joshes.....	(WILL LAWRENCE GRACE DUBOIS EDITH STONE DELOSS SUTHERLAND)

Entered in the Postoffice at Santa Rosa, Cal., as second class mail matter

All personals, stories, literary articles and items of interest to this paper should be sent to The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, California.

This issue of The Porcupine is printed on green paper entirely in honor of the Freshman Class just entering. They are the ones whose attention we wish to attract, for they are the ones who will make the school what it will be in the future. Upon their shoulders will rest the honor of the school in athletics of all kinds, as well as in the standard of school work, which they are capable of upholding. We want to see Freshmen who will get out and do something—train for the track, for basketball, baseball, anything, whether you have a ghost of a show or not; that makes no difference. You never will amount to anything if you don't start soon enough.

By subscribing for The Porcupine is one of the best ways

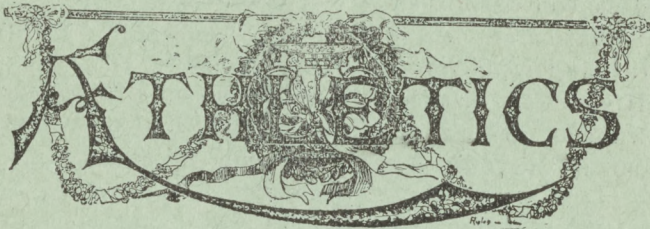
of getting into touch with all school activities, intellectual and athletic. And, by the way, let me say that the fact you are a Freshman, is no reason why you should not write for *The Porcupine* as well as anyone else. Last term I received and printed a story by a first term Freshman which was very good; as good, in fact better, than some written by Seniors. Don't be afraid to hand in your stories. Some are backward about showing their work, but remember that no one sees it except the editor, who is always glad to welcome all contributions, and passes no comments upon the work, unless his opinion is asked.

Besides the Freshmen there are three others entering whom we have seen before, although they were not with us last term. We are glad to see Elmer Stump, Ruth Elmore and Elsie Thompson with us again. The Freshman Class is exceedingly large, numbering forty-five, most of them girls as usual. Following is the list:

W. Walter Hastings, Clara Spencer, Irene Armstrong, Annie Thrasher, Theodore Thomas, Gregory Duncan, Clarence Grove, Samuel Mitchell, Edna Cunningham, Arthur E. Voss, Will Hyde, Walter Brown, Elaine Mallory, Fisher Kinslow, Colin McKenzie, Willis Miller, Rose Nicholson, Hazel Linsley, Doris Meyer, Zorba Mock, Thelma Goodfellow, Everett Campbell, Leslie Totmore, Ross Chase, Neva Brittain, Andreina Arrighi, Esther Scott, Lorraine Bradlee, Grover Hendley, Madeline Coffey, Hazel Wells, Nonna Britton, Violet Marcelle, Gwendolyn Yarnell, Margaret Lonigan, Lily Lewis, Annabel Lee, Lila Patton, Ruth Luttrell, Lontta Hyde, Hazel Price, Kathryn Price and Ida Cosassa.

Every one who has literary aspirations should be looking forward to the Literary Contest, which will take place toward the latter part of this term—probably in April or May. The prize, as most of us know, is a cup, which was presented to the school by the Class of June, '05. The winner will have his or her name inscribed on the cup. All material submitted to *The Porcupine* is recorded, and it is

this record, together with your English record, which determines whether or not you shall be permitted to enter the contest. The cup has been won only twice before; by boys both times. It is time for the girls to show what they can do. It is also time for the boys to "get busy" and see if they can keep it.



Now that we have a new year, a new term and a lot of new material we ought to do great things in athletics.. To do this we must work hard and faithfully and try to perfect ourselves in some line of work.

Our last year's Track Team did great things, and so will we again. Our Basketball Team did the same, and we will do that again. Now, Freshmen, as soon as the time comes start in to train, be sure and turn out with a will and help old Santa Rosa High with all your might.

We will most likely have started basketball by the time this issue is published, and we hope by that time to have at least two good teams picked. Captain Lee has among his veterans Woolley, G. Lee and C. Whitney, while Jeans, Lawrence, Miller, Snieder, Lambert, Coolley, Sanders and others will also try and make the team. There are most likely a number of Freshmen who can play the game. Well, Freshies, get out and try and show us what you are good for.

Last year, on December 5th, the S. R. H. S. Team, composed of A. Lee, G. Lee, G. Proctor, E. Woolley and C. Whitney, played and defeated a team from Lowell High by

a score of 24 to 13. All the fellows played good ball, Proctor and A. Lee especially.

The game was snappy and fast, from start to finish, and was clean and sportsmanlike. This is the third time S. R. H. S. has played Lowell, and we have won two out of the three games.

This year we shall enter the Academic Series of games, and we will do our best to win the League. To do this we must have a strong team, so everyone that can be sure and turn out for practice.

If you don't play, be sure and show up at the game and yell for us. Yell, and we will try and see that your yelling is not in vain. Be at the next game and see.

Track

It will be some time before we start track athletics, but when we do we will have a team that is worth something.

We have a track captain, Lewis Lambert, who will do everything in his power to help and interest all in the track work. Fellows training have two tracks at their disposal, Pierce Bros.' track and our own school track.

We lose Gray, Proctor and McDaniels, but we will try and make up for their loss. The first meet we will have will be the Inter-class, and in this meet we want everyone who can wiggle to turn out and do the best he can for his class. Now, Freshmen, get out and run, and you may surprise some of the old hands by taking a first or a second place.

**Our Money Back Policy
is Good Protection for You**

Phone Red 1731

Santa Rosa Department Store

432-434 Fourth St.

Santa Rosa

Girls' Basket Ball

On December 6th we again played Healdsburg, but this time on our own ground. The game, on account of being very close, was the most exciting one played last term. It was a quick game and splendid team work was shown on both sides.. At the end of the first half the score stood 6—1 in our favor, and the final score was 7—8, with a victory for us, and a well-earned one. The team is steadily improving and we hope that the decisive game with Healdsburg will add another victory for us. The championship of Northern California lies between their team and ours, and with the right kind of support it will be ours. Now the support we need can be obtained largely from the Freshmen, and we trust that it will be give. We expect to have some games soon, and there are always plenty of chances on the team for good players, as is the case at present. Even though you cannot make the team, practice anyway, for it always pays to get a good start.

How dear to our hearts is the steady subscriber,

Who pays in advance at the birth of the year;

Who lays down his money and does it quite gladly,

And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer.

How welcome he is when he steps up to pay us,

How he makes our hearts throb, how he makes our eyes
dance,

We outwardly thank him, and inwardly bless him—

The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

—Ex.

HAHMAN DRUG CO.

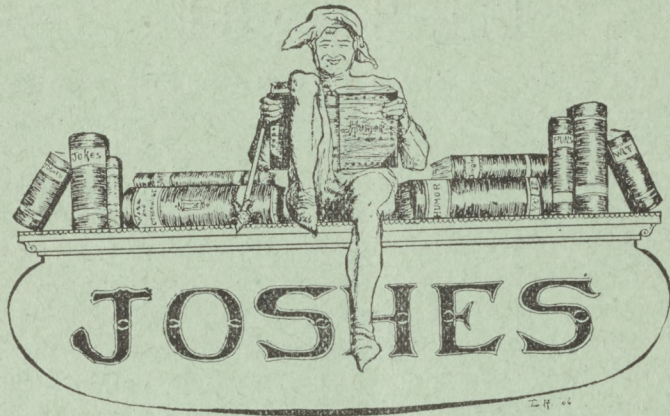
Prescription Druggists

Santa Rosa's Largest and Best Equipped Drug Store

The Place to Buy Your Rubdown and Athletic Supporters

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

213 EXCHANGE AVE.



Mr. Johnson (Hist. V)—“One of the copies of Harding’s History is missing from the shelf. Has anyone seen it?”

Mildred P.—“I saw it this morning.”

Mr. Johnson—“That’s another.”

Professor (meeting dissipated student on the street)—
“Drunk again!”

Student (slapping him on the shoulder)—“So am I, old man.”

Ruth H.’s little brother—“Ruth’s got cat’s eyes, ’cause she can see in the dark.”

Mother—“Why do you think so, my son?”

Little Brother—“ ’Cause yesterday before the lights were on sister’s beau came, and I heard her say, ‘Why, Walter, you didn’t shave to-day.’ ”

TEXT BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES

C. A. Wright & Co.

Leading Booksellers and Stationers

615-617 FOURTH STREET

SANTA ROSA

A Freshie's First Week

The year had happily begun
For Freshy Fresh, a rich man's

Sun.

He went to "High" to have some fun,
And throw about his father's

Mon.

"With it," said he, "I'll pay my dues,
In Clearing House, with ones or

Tues."

He met a girl; love turned his head.
He thought 'twas time for him to

Wed.

But when he paid his court to her
She lisped, but firmly said, "No

Thur."

"Alas!" said he, "then must I die!"
His soul went where they say souls

Fri.

No more the hooks will hold his hat,
The desk's still there where Freshie

Sat.



SPECIALTIES

In rich designs of every variety of fine jewelry and silverware make for Noack's a most desirable store for making fall selections, as no piece of jewelry bought of us will even fall below your highest expectations. Our line of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other precious stones are all mounted in the most artistic settings in solid 14k. gold.

M. F. NOACK
JEWELER

534 Fourth St. Santa Rosa

BROOKS CLOTHING CO.

Headquarters For

Young Men's Clothing and Furnishings

Mildren Peterson—"How lovely of you, Don, to bring me these beautiful roses. How sweet they are, and how fresh. I do believe there is a little dew on them yet."

Don Geary—"W—well, er, yes. There is about fifty cents, I think; but I'll pay it to-morrow."

De Loss Southerland—"You are the breath of life to me."
Serena Mattox—"Well, suppose you hold your breath."

Freshman—"I smell a cabbage burning."
Sophomore—"Look out! Don't get your head too near the stove."

"Do you give your dog much exercise, son?"
"Yessirre! He goes for a couple of tramps every day."

Miss Haub (physiology)—"Preston, how many ribs have you in your body?"

"Doc"—"I don't know, Miss Haub, I'm so ticklish I just couldn't count 'em."

Eno's Catarrh Cure

The most reliable Catarrh Remedy on the market. A local and internal. **Price \$1.00.** For sale at cor. Fourth and A Streets.

ST. ROSE DRUG STORE

Miss O'Mera—"Name eleven of Shakespeare's plays."

Thorn Gale—"Ten Nights in a Bar-room" and 'Masbeth.'"

Guest—"Ah, Mrs. Black, I very seldom get as good a dinner as this."

Little Johnny—"Gee! Neither do we."

Zoology Teacher—"Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?"

Practical Jimmie—"Please, ma'am, it's to balance his tail."

Little Helen—"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa."

Pa—"Did he have a bill?"

Little Helen—"No, sir; just a plain nose."

Freshman Year—"A Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year—"As You Like It."

Senior Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Some of the pupils in Physics I are trying to prove that the wheels in their heads work by means of "perpetual motion."

California Oyster Market and Grill

Leading Restaurant

Fourth Street, bet. A and B
Santa Rosa, Cal.

Sporting Goods
Bicycles
Automobiles



Schelling's Cyclery

Children's Page

(For the Freshmen)

Mary had a little bite
Of lamb. The price was such
That Mary hadn't appetite,
She said, for very much.

A Freshie stood on the burning deck,
And as far as we could learn
He was in perfect safety,
For he was too green to burn.

Mary had a Teddy bear,
She put it on the shelf;
And every time it wagged its tail
It spanked its little self.

Mary had a little lamb;
But that was long ago;
She sold the lamb for pork chops
To the Beef Trust, don't you know.

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America. "And now, boys," she announced afterwards, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

" 'The Porcupine,' ma'am."

**Why Not Buy Your
Footwear of**

RIDDLE, BACIGALUPI & CO.

They have the nicest assortment in Santa Rosa
519 FOURTH STREET SANTA ROSA CAL.

Latest College Styles in Shoes

R.C. Moodey & Son

The school can pat itself on the back for having such a good-looking bunch of Freshie girls. There are "keen" looking girls, good looking girls, nice looking girls, pretty girls, "classy" girls, "cute" girls, "swell" girls and bonny girls. As for the boys, well—

Freshmen desiring to use the telephone should drop a nickel in the "josh box" on the south side of the study hall.

"Shall I brain him?" asked the slayer,
And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't; he's a Freshman,
Just hit him on the head."

Cross-eyed Man—"Why don't you look where you're going?"

Second Man—"Why don't you go where you're looking?"

Miss Wirt (Ger. I)—"Howard, how did you enjoy your trip through Germany?"

Howard Brush—"I didn't like it."

Miss W.—"Why?"

Howard—"Oh, everybody called me Herr Brush" (hair-brush).

TEMPLE SMITH STATIONER AND BOOKSELLER

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO
STUDENTS DESIRING ENGRAVED CARDS

611 FOURTH STREET

SANTA ROSA

Prescription Druggist

Phone Main 3

LUTTRELL'S DRUG STORE

Biggest Store

Best Stock

Lowest Prices

527 FOURTH STREET

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

What!

"Hello! Hello! Jones?"

"Yes."

"This is the —— hotel. Send over a couple of dozen small steaks."

"Yes, sir; how long?"

"None of your foolin', kid; send over those steaks right away."

"Sure, but what do you want to use 'em for?"

"Get fresh, now, and I'll tell your boss on you and get you fired."

"I ain't gettin' fresh. All I want to know is, what kind of stakes you want."

"Why, I want round steaks, of course; just like we always get."

"All right. Redwood or pine?"

"Say, who the d—— are you, anyway?"

"Jones' Planing Mill."

"Well, why didn't you say so."

"Why don't you get up and give one of those ladies a seat?" asked a fat old lady of a small boy in a crowded car.

"Why don't you get up and give 'em both one?" retorted the saucy kid.



The Voice of
THE VICTOR

The World's Best Entertainer

SANTA ROSA CYCLE CO.

J. C. Pedersen

Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Linoleums, Etc.

Most Complete Stock in the City of Santa Rosa

324-326 FOURTH ST.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

GO TO

The Missouri Store

For Good Shoe Repairing and Shoes; Low Prices

Third Street near B

Santa Rosa, Cal.

First Student—"My watch doesn't run right."

Second Student—"That's because its full of ticks."

Now I get me down to biz,
I'm up against a Physics quiz;
If I should die before 'tis o'er,
Oh, what joy, there'd be no more.

Miss Haub (Physiology, discussing dislocations, etc.)—
"A fellow can sometimes get his arm out of place without
experiencing any particular pain."

N. BACIGALUPI

Groceries and Provisions

315 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa

PHONE BLACK 4622

C. M. BRUNER

Pictures, Frames and Art Goods

FOURTH ST.

SANTA ROSA

KELLER**THE DRUGGIST**DRUGS, KODAKS AND
SUPPLIES

PRINTING AND DEVELOPING

503 Fifth St., near B, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Phone Main 77

The Best Store for the Economical Housewife

Sonoma County Fruit & Produce Co., Inc.**GOOD PLACE FOR GOOD GROCERIES**

Phone Main 87

Fourth and Wilson Sts.

Freshman—"I wonder if the Prof. meant anything by giving me a ticket to the lecture on 'Fools'?"

Senior—"Why?"

Freshman—"It says on the ticket 'Admit one.'"

PHONE BLACK 4611

The Boston Restaurant

MEALS AT ALL HOURS - OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

409 Fourth Street**Santa Rosa, Cal.****Our Stock of Silverware**Is very complete and we would call
your attention to our line of**HIGH SCHOOL SOUVENIRS**Among items may be found Spoons
Napkin Rings and Bookmarks**545 Fourth Street****JOHN HOOD**

H. H. ELLIOTT

R. D. DIXON

DIXON & ELLIOTT

High Grade Hardware

Enders' Dollar Safety Razor

Ridgway Block, cor. Third & B Sts.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

J. H. Sandl & Son

Phone Red 1792

Bay State Meat Market

All kinds of Domestic and Foreign
Sausages and Cheese

Fresh and Salted Meats, Delicatessen

711 FOURTH STREET

SANTA ROSA

Telephone Main 68

California Market

Fruit, Vegetable and Berry Depot
Canned Goods, Game in Season and Dressed Poultry

716 Fourth Street

W. C. Harlan, Prop.

Small Boy—"Say, don't you have anything to do with that kid over there."

Friend—"Why not?"

Small Boy—" 'Cause he's a coward. The other day he kicked me right in the stomach when my back was turned."

Athletic Supplies

Eugene C. Farmer Co.

... DRUGGISTS ...

738 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa, Cal.

613 FOURTH STREET

Lewis F. Turner

Headquarters for

Embroideries and Laces

Wash Shirt Waists

"R & G" Corsets

PHONE MAIN 21

H. H. MOKE

Funeral Director and Embalmer

418 FOURTH ST.

SANTA ROSA

JOHN MALOOFNotions, Stationary, Post Cards
and Candies

621 FIFTH STREET - - - SANTA ROSA

THE NICKELODEONMatinee Daily at 3 P. M. - - Saturday and Sunday at 1 P. M.
Pictures change Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays

ADMISSION, 5c

414 FOURTH STREET

SANTA ROSA

The seamstress leads a life of simple duty,
 And from her earnest toil comes honest cheer;
 While others thread the path of wealth and beauty,
 Life seems just sew-sew in her hemmy-sphere.

You can always depend upon getting good Candies and
 Ice Cream in any quantity at the

GREEK-AMERICAN CANDY STORE**A. COKALES, Prop.**

The Peanut Roaster and Popcorn Popper which stands
 near the White House is surely a novelty. It is attracting
 considerable attention. Furnished with the best of modern
 improvements it is capable of giving excellent work. Corn
 popped in butter.

WM. REINS, Prop.

Santa Rosa

Santa Rosa Business College

A HIGH GRADE, SELECT, COMMERCIAL SCHOOL with Unequaled Facilities.
Four Banks, Twelve Wholesale and Commission Houses in Active Daily Operation.
BUSINESS TAUGHT AS BUSINESS IS DONE

131

ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-ONE
Graduates for the Year 1906-07 and all in
EXCELLENT PAYING POSITIONS

131

ATTENDANCE LIMITED TO TWO HUNDRED. Engage Your Desks Early. ONLY STUDENTS OF GOOD CHARACTER DESIRED. For Circulars and Further Information Address.

J. S. SWEET, A. M., President SANTA ROSA, CAL.

The Place to Sell

Your Second-Hand Goods

GARDINER BROS.

713 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa, Cal.

A little negro boy had participated in more than his share of mischief, so the schoolmaster marched down the isle and grabbed him by the shoulder, "I do believe Satan has gotten hold of you," he said.

"Yas, sah; I believe he has, sah," gasped the youngster.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZORS

Pocket Cutlery and Fancy Carvers
A Full Line of Hardware

At MAILER'S

TOOLS TOOLS TOOLS

For Mechanics of All Trades

POCKET KNIVES, RAZORS AND SCISSORS

For All Kinds of People

HAVEN, HAWK & COMPANY

305-307 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa

Hattie, McKinney & Titus

Agents for White Sewing Machines

Furniture

MATTING AND LINOLEUM

Steam Carpet Beating Works

Carpets

304 FOURTH STREET, PHONE RED 1641

New from the Ground Up

Hotel Bernardi

ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

Fifth and A Streets

Santa Rosa

Customer (in a restaurant)—“Waiter, my cocoa is cold.”
 Waiter—“Then why don’t you put on yo’ hat, sah?”

D. R. Hodgson

Geo. Henderson

Hodgson-Henderson Co.

Athletic Underwear

Snappy Hats

College Cut Suits to Order

517 FOURTH STREET

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

KOPF & DONOVAN**Wholesale and Retail Grocers**

SANTA ROSA

:

CALIFORNIA

Phone Main 73

Coffee Roasted Daily

Flagler's

Coffees, Teas, Spices, Crockery, Glassware
Agateware, Kitchen Utensils, etc.

420-422 FOURTH ST.

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

The White House

Receives new Cloaks, new Tailor Suits
and new Clothing nearly every day
The Largest Stock in Sonoma County

Fourth at B St.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

COON & BENT

Phone Black 4672

626 Fifth Street

NEW and Second-Hand FURNITURE

Mr. Johnson—"What was done in 451?"

Archie Lockhart (waking up)—"The mile run."

"Palace of Sweets" FOURTH STREET

C. T. SHERMAN, Prop.

CANDY AND ICE CREAM

Go to
the

Ideal Cyclery

Bicycle Repairing and Good Bicycles

405 MENDOCINO ST.

SANTA ROSA

GEO. S. THURSTON

DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions, Tobacco, Hay, Grain, Feed

Corner of Cherry and Mendocino Streets

E. R. SAWYER

Watches, Jewelry,
Diamonds

529 Fourth Street

(Jacobs' Candy Store)

Santa Rosa

Call at the Misses
Lambert's and See
the Latest in New
Fall Millinery

Millinery

Order Work a Specialty

Teacher—"Johnny, for what is Switzerland noted?"

Johnny—"Why, Swiss cheese."

Teacher—"Oh, no. Something grander, stronger, more impressive."

Johnny—"Limburger!"

Wanted—A young man to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees that the result will be profitable to the undertaker.

BELDEN & UPP

Prescription Druggists

The place to buy your Rubdown and Jock Straps
443 FOURTH STREET, S. R.

KOBES & HUNTINGTON

Planing Mill and Cabinet Shop

OFFICE 121 FIFTH STREET

Store and Office Fixtures, Plate Glass, Mirrors and
Art Glass. Interior Hard Wood Finish.

**Everybody Reads
The Press Democrat**

**Daily Morning Edition De-
livered by Carrier**

**50 Cents
per Month**

**Telephone Main
54**

**Printing and Bookbinding in
all its Branches**

Have You Tried

Jacobs'

Jar Taffies?

If not

Why not?

Education is of No Value

in case of fire to reimburse your loss, therefore insure your property with the ROYAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

BROWN & GILLUM, Agents

626 Fifth St.

Phone 358

Bill had a bill board. Bill also had a board bill. Now the board bill bored Bill so much that Bill sold the bill board to pay his board bill. After Bill sold the bill board, the board bill never bored Bill.

Victor Coolley—"I should like to come and visit you some time."


Dora Pierson—"If you ever come within a mile of our house I hope you will stop there."

GAMBLE'S
GOOD
ROCERIES

PLEASE
PARTICULAR
EOPLE

624 FIFTH STREET

Phone Red 4701

When in Want of Flour Ask For 

ROSE BRAND

NEW MILL

NEW MANAGEMENT

SANTA ROSA FLOUR MILLS CO.

C. Nielsen

Chas. Jurman

A. Nielsen

Santa Rosa Furniture Co.

FURNITURE, IRON BEDS, SIDE BOARDS, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS CHAIRS
MATTINGS, MATTRESSES, ETC.

328-330 Fourth Street, Cor. of A

Phone Black 4682

C. SUND Expert Horseshoer and Carriagemaker

All Work Strictly First-Class

Fifth Street, Santa Rosa

. . . HOSMER . . .

School Books

Music

Stationery

CAMPI RESTAURANT

534 THIRD STREET

Call and See "Little Pete"

Santa Rosa, Cal.

LEE BROS. & CO. **Express and Draying**

Will call at your residence
and check your baggage to
any point on California
Northwestern : : : :

No Extra Charges for Checking

THE FAIR

Supplies Your Every Day
Wants

Prices the Lowest

Upper Fourth Street Santa Rosa, Cal.

W. S. Jennings

Dealer in

Furniture, Stoves and Tools
Tinware and Agateware

Phone Red 2891

213-215 Fourth St. Santa Rosa

Jas. T. Butler

Concert Violinist and Orchestra Leader

Will furnish any size orchestra
of first-class musicians for any
engagement

Res. Phone Black 1402

Santa Rosa

Phone Red 2062

American Bakery

High-Grade Cakes, Pies and Pastry

P. MOORE, Prop.

208-210 Fourth Street

COME AND SEE OUR NEW STORE



IF YOU BUY

CLOTHING

and

Gents' Furnishing Goods

FROM US

You'll Get the Latest and the Best

KEEGAN BROS.

F. BERKA

Dealer in all Kinds of

Building Material